



CAVE KIDS

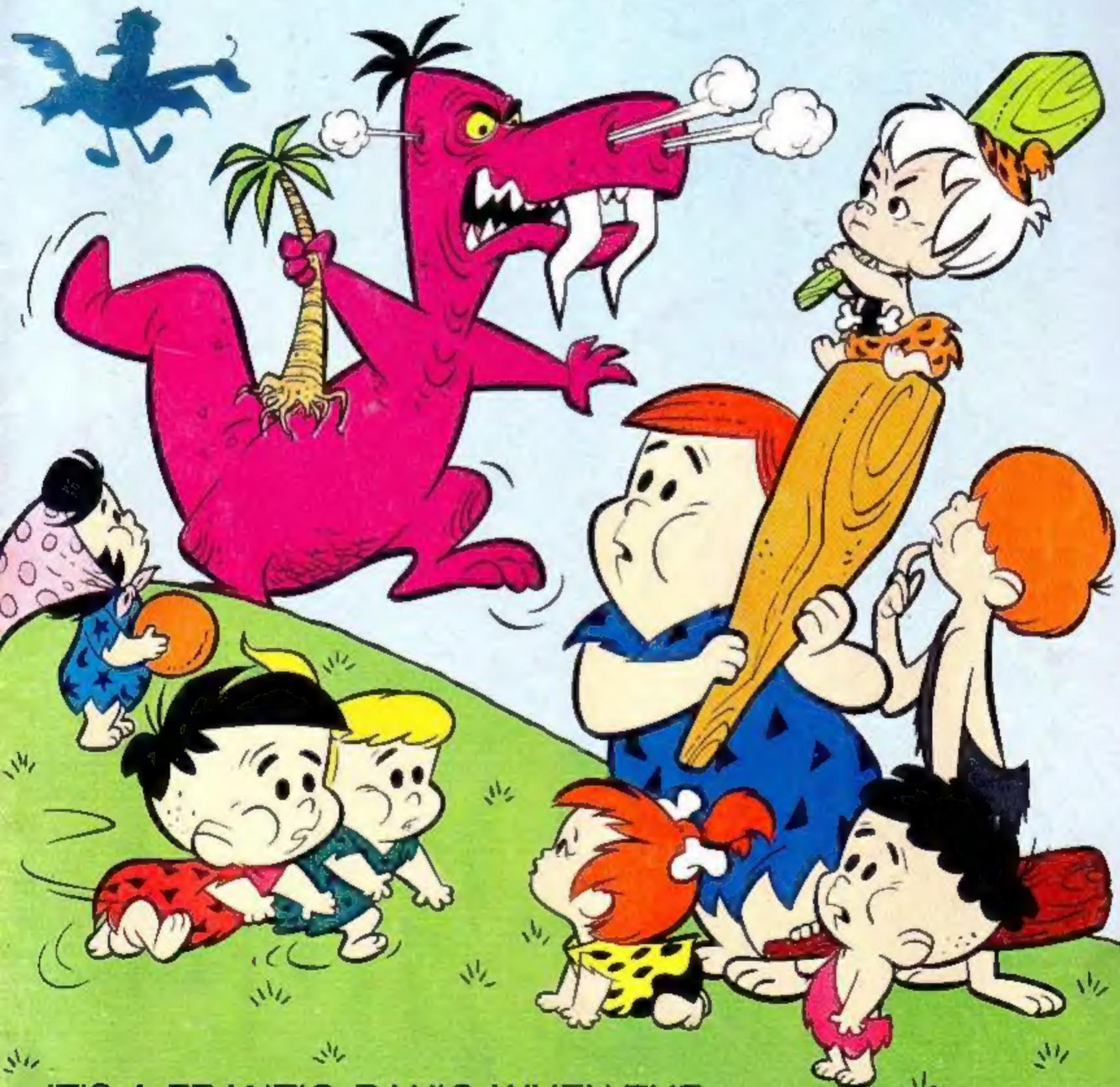
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12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and Bamm-Bamm



IT'S A FRANTIC PANIC WHEN THE  
CAVE KIDS MEET THE TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!

Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

## The TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS

WOW! HOW DO YOU EVER MANAGE TO CATCH SUCH A BIG FISH, SMALL STUFF?

YOU MUST HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE!



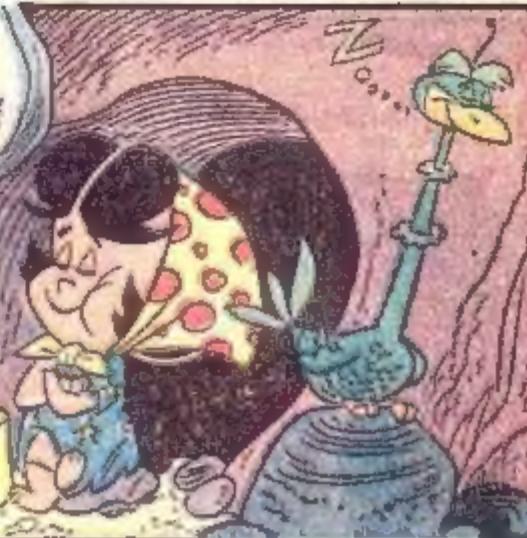
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

IF SHE SEES A  
THING HAPPEN  
IN HER CRYSTAL  
BALL... IT'S  
**BOUNDED TO**  
HAPPEN!



GYPSY  
CRYSTAL  
THE FUTURE  
UNREVELED



WHAT'RE  
WE WAITING  
FOR?

LET'S GET  
IN ON THE  
FUN!



GYPSY... WHAT'S IN  
OUR FUTURE?

NEAR FUTURE?  
MID FUTURE?  
OR DISTANT  
FUTURE?



NEAR  
FUTURE,  
NATCH!

WHO CAN STAND  
THE WAIT FOR  
ANY OTHER?



OKAY... A SHORT  
RUB WILL REVEAL  
YOUR NEAR FUTURE,  
BUDDY AND  
SHEEPY!

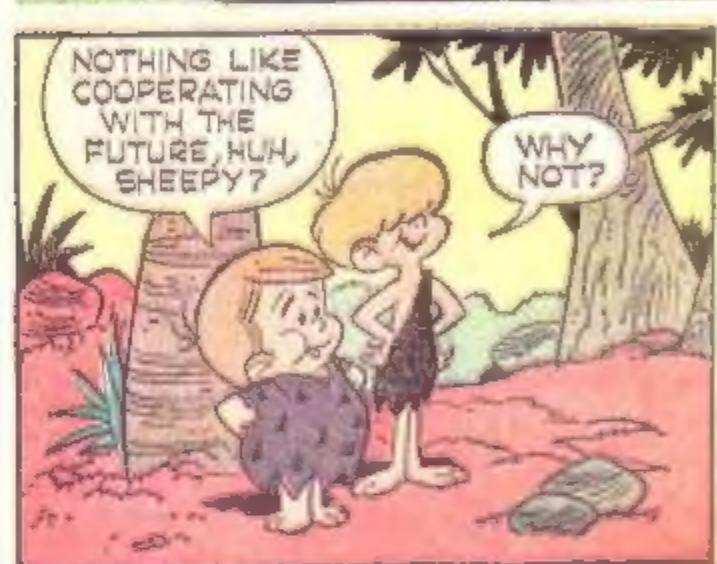


THERE WE ARE,  
STANDING BY A  
BANANA TREE!



TCH-TCH! WHAT  
A SHAME!





DON'T YOU HAVE ENOUGH PATIENCE TO AT LEAST TRY THE *MID* FUTURE?

SURE WE DO! WE'RE NOT SISSES!

WE'LL EVEN TAKE A GAPE AT THE *DISTANT* FUTURE!

BRISK RUB-A-DUB IT IS!

EEK! A TRYANT-A-SAURUS! MEANEST SAURUS THAT EVER SNORTED!

AND HE'S GOT US, BUT GOOD!

DEARIE-O-ME!

A FINE ONE YOU ARE, GYPSY!

I DON'T MAKE THE FUTURE... I JUST VIEW IT!

**ROONT!!**

TH-THE CRY OF A TRYANT-A-SAURUS!

THE DISTANT FUTURE  
SOUNDS TOO CLOSE  
ALREADY... LET'S  
SCRAM!

BUT BOYS... YOU  
CAN'T AVOID THE  
FUTURE!

OH, YEAH?  
JUST WATCH  
AND SEE!

HE CAN'T GET  
BOTH OF US IF WE  
SEPARATE!

OR EITHER ONE OF US  
IF WE HIDE WELL  
ENOUGH!

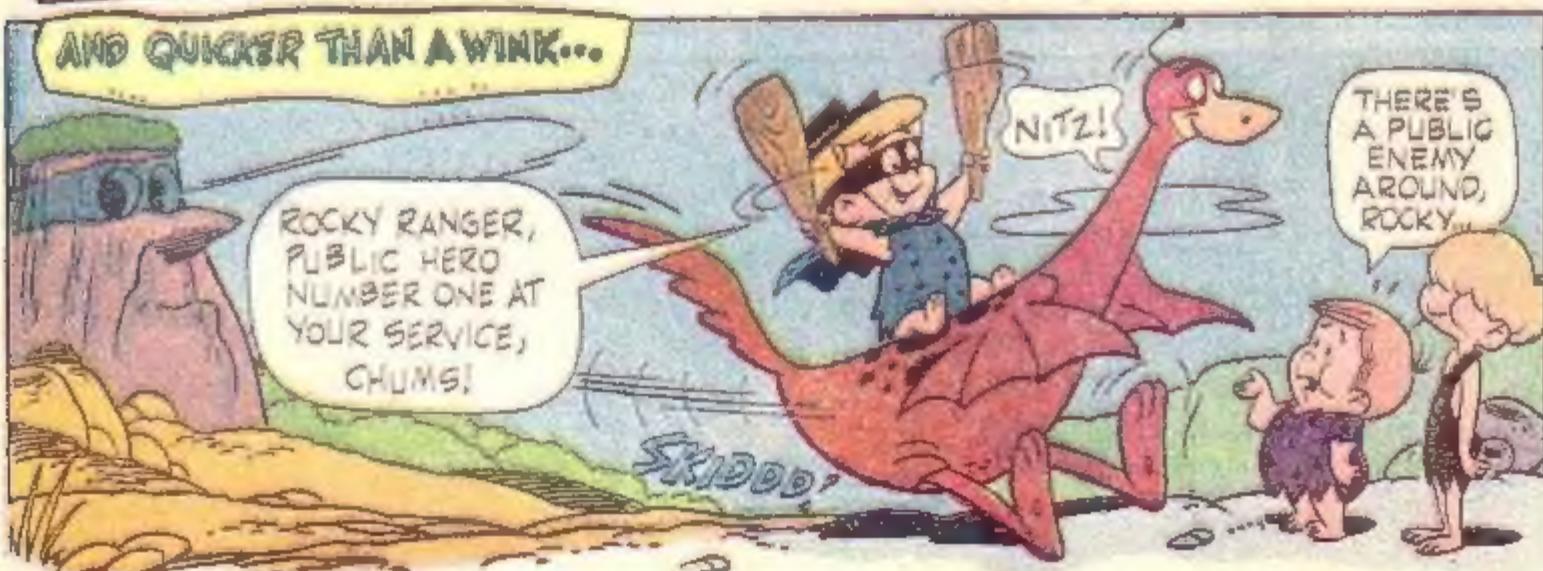
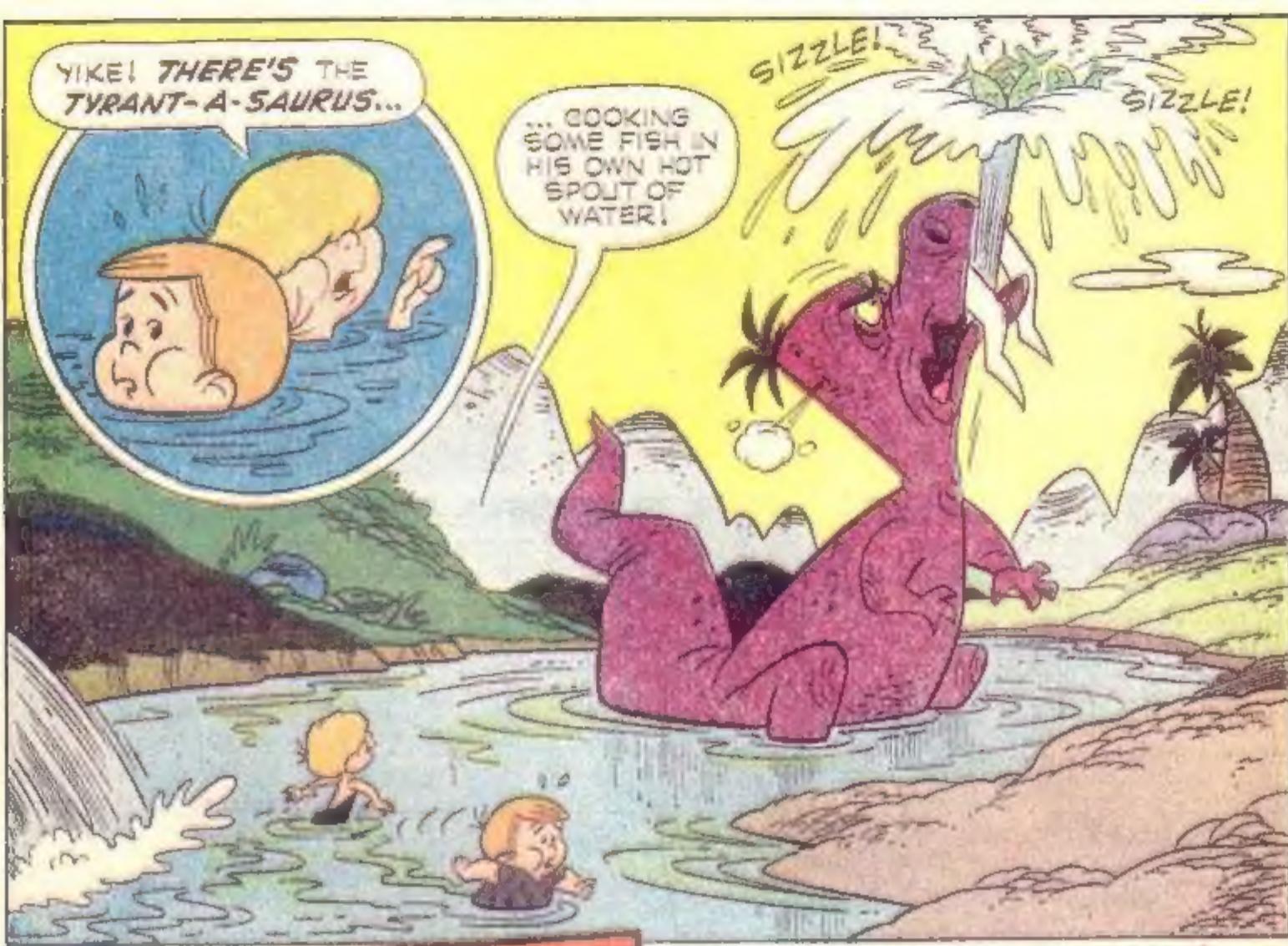
KEEP OUT!  
CONDEMNED  
CAVE

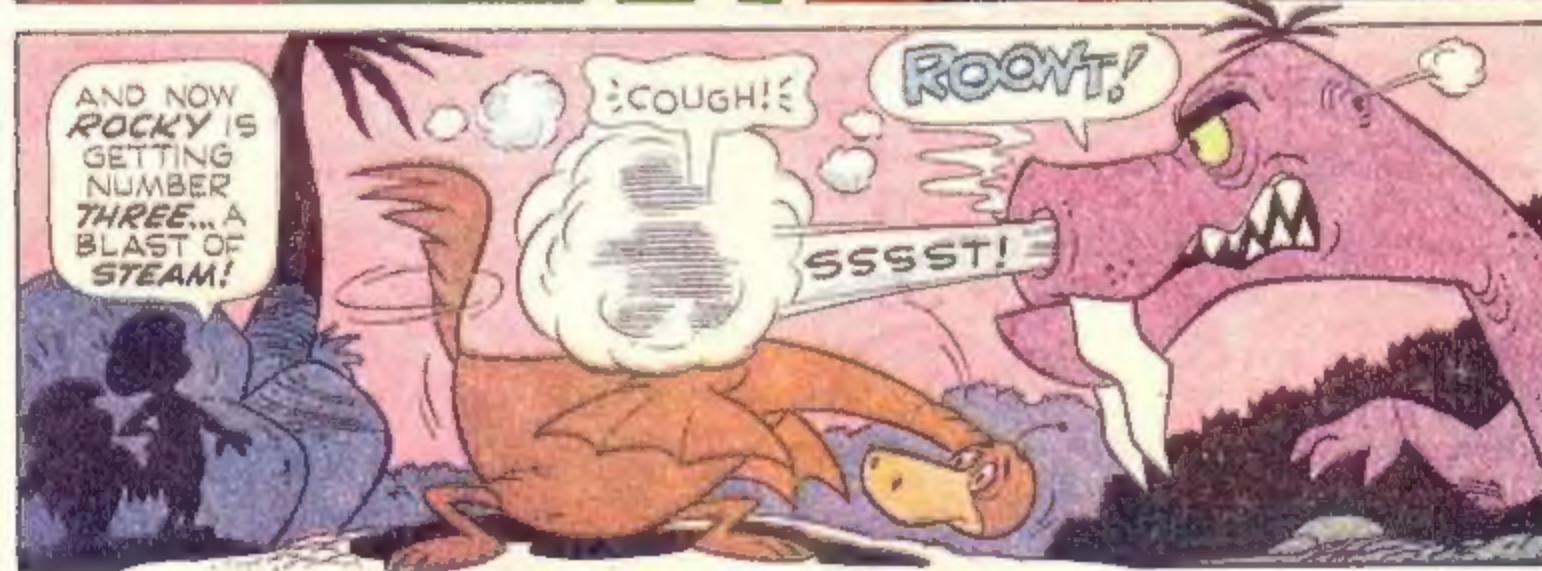
(ULP!) I'M THE  
CENTRAL FIGURE  
OF A CAVE-IN!

YI! THIS RIVER  
IS GOING  
UNDERGROUND!

WHOOPS! LOOKS  
LIKE THE SEPARATE  
WAYS ARE ONE!

SPLASH!







WHY NOT LET **SCIENCE**  
TAKE OVER WHERE CRUDE  
FORCE HAS FAILED,  
FELLAS?

IZZY  
EINSTONE!

I HAVE AN  
AUTOMATIC  
MACHINE  
THAT WILL  
SAVE THE  
DAY!

BEHOLD... A MERE TUG OF  
THE CORD UNLEASHES A  
DEVASTATING DELUGE OF  
MISSILES CAPABLE OF  
PROSTRATING THE MOST  
BEASTLY OF BEASTS!

ROONT!

THUD!  
BOINK!

YEAH, BUT THE  
TYRANT-A-SAURUS  
IS PRETTY HARD-  
HEADED!

INDEED! WELL, LET'S  
SEE HIM COPE WITH  
**THIS!**

...A TUB FULL OF  
**LIQUID RUBBER**  
WILL SURELY  
HOPELESSLY  
ENSNARE HIM!

SPLOTCH!





FINALLY, TO OVERCOME  
HIS COLD-BLOODEDNESS  
...WE KNITTED HIM A  
SWEATER!

PEBBLES EVEN DONATED  
THE WHEELS OFF HER CARRIAGE  
TO BE USED AS BUTTONS!

ABBA  
DABBA  
AHH.

ROONT!

EEK!

HE'S EATING  
THE SWEATER!

BUT LOOK OUT...  
HE DOESN'T CARE  
FOR THE  
BUTTONS!

SEE, GIRLS... YOU  
CAN'T WIN OVER A  
NATURALLY NAUGHTY  
CREATURE WITH  
A SENSESS!

ABBA  
DABBA  
OOOH!

(ULP!) WE'RE  
CONVINCED!

MAMA.

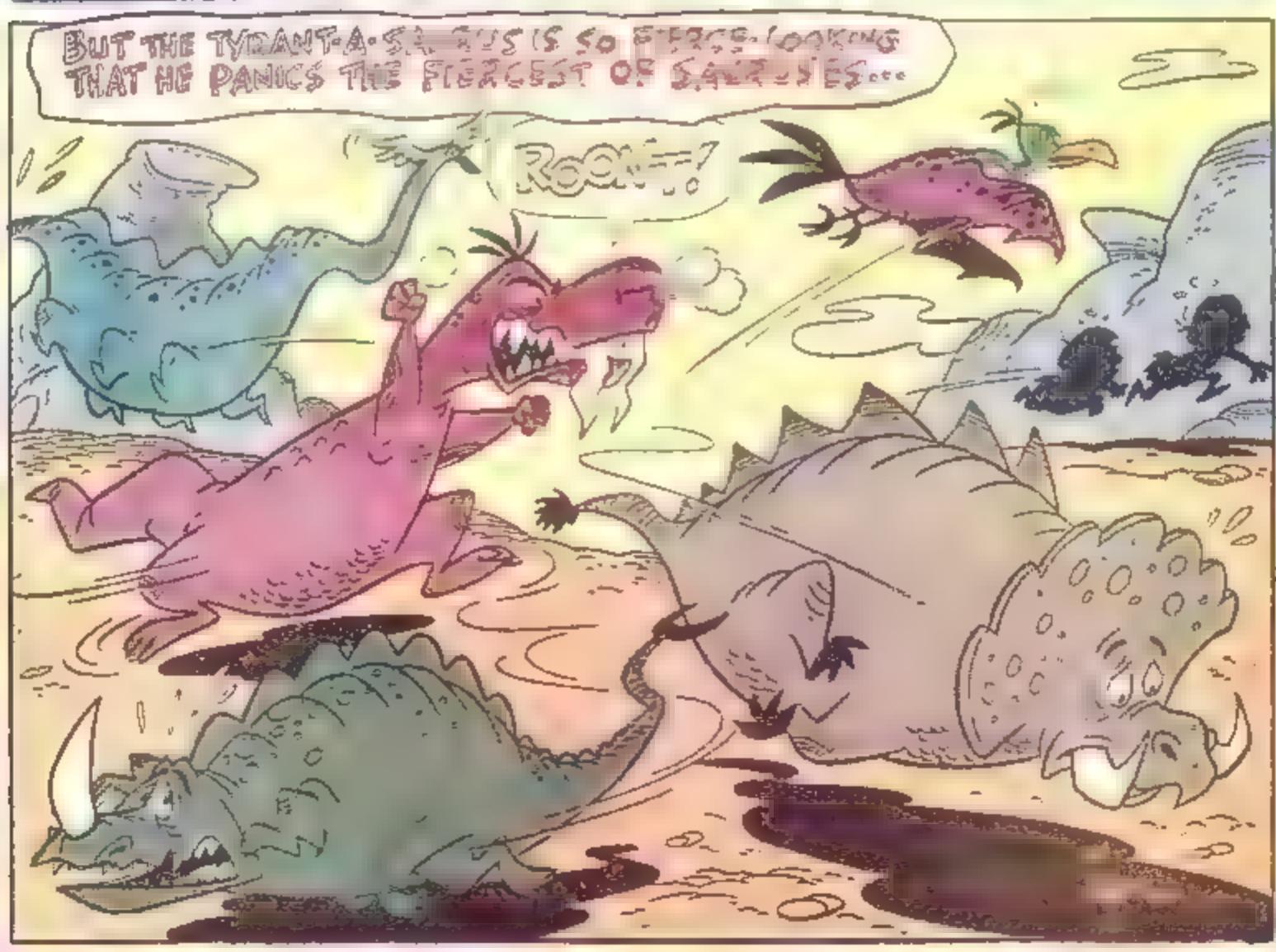
SPUT!  
SPUT!

I'M AFRAID THE  
TRYANT-A-SAURUS  
IS UNCONQUERABLE  
AND UNCONCIEBLE.

HMM... WHY  
DON'T YOU ASK  
MY ADVICE?.

SAY... YOU ARE  
AN AVATEL-ER  
EXPERT ON  
ANIMALS,  
AREN'T YOU,  
ZOOLY?

AND HOW,  
ALL YOU'VE  
GOTTA DO  
IS LEAD  
THAT BEAST  
INTO  
NO-MAN'S  
LAND...



EVEN THE  
MANY-MOUTHED  
MONSTER  
MUNCHER  
TURNS  
CHICKS MOO...

CLUCK!  
CLUCK!

...AND NOW THERE'S NOTH NG  
BETWEEN US AND THE  
TYRANT-A-SAURUS BUT  
THIN AIR!

HOT AIR.  
THIN AIR.

IT'S SNOW...  
AND WE'RE SLOWIN'  
LOSS OF SPEED.

EEEK! OUR  
FUTURE  
HAS COME  
TRUE.

UHHH.

ROONT?

EEEEEAK!

HEY! HE  
SEES HIS  
REFLECTION  
IN THE  
GLACIER.

HE'S SCARING  
HIMSELF!

BOY, I DON'T  
THINK HE EVER  
STOP RUNNING.

HAPPENS TO EVERY  
CRITTER THAT LOOKS  
AT ME SELF IN ICE.

ESCAPE

MONSTERS ARE THE CRUELIEST  
WORST ENEMIES, HA-HA

SAY, NOW  
THAT WE  
KNOW  
THAT WE  
NEED NEVER  
AGAIN FEAR  
ANY  
CREATURE!

AND AS SOON AS I  
TELL ROCKY RANGER,  
LET'S ALL HAVE A BIG  
CELEBRATION...

AND SO, THE  
HERO-BUSINESS IS  
REVOLVING...

HEH! CIRCLE SLOWLY  
AND CARRY A BIG  
MIRROR IS MY  
MOTTO NOW!

AND THE SCARIER THE  
SAURUSES, THE BETTER!

YAY, FOR  
PROGRESS!

# INTERPLANETARY INVADER



"So this is what my son Augie is reading!" said Doggie Daddy, as he picked up a book from the table. It was titled *Clyde Cosmic-Space Age*, and on the cover was a picture of fearless Clyde menaced by a frightful fire-breathing creature.

"Ho ho!" chuckled Daddy. "I wonder if my imaginative offspring really believes this stuff!"

He was about to put the book down when suddenly he heard a shout behind him.

"Don't move a muscle, Dear Dad! You are in dire danger!" yelled Augie.

"Huh?" said Dear Dad, whirling around.

Augie was standing in the doorway, a toy popgun in his hand. At that moment he pulled the trigger, and a cork flew out, hitting Doggie Daddy right on the nose!

"Ouch!" cried Doggie Daddy.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dear Father!" cried Augie. "I meant to hit that fire-breathing monster that was going to carry you off to Mars or someplace."

"What . . . ?" began Dad, then caught himself. "Oh, yeah, THAT monster! If you hadn't come along and scared him off, I'd sure be on my way to Mars or someplace! Thanks a lot, my dear courageous son!"

"That's all right, Precious Paper!" said Augie, as he ran outside. "Now I have to go

and fight off some more interplanetary invaders who want to take over Earth."

"Heh heh!" chuckled Doggie Daddy. "What an imagination that son of mine has!"

He looked out of the window. Augie was in the back yard huddled in a barrel, with an old pot on his head.

"Prepare for landing!" he shouted. "Activate reverse thrust rockets!" and then, to some imaginary person at his side, he said, "I hope the creatures on this planet are friendly, Clyde, but keep your superfrazzle ray gun at the ready!"

Then Doggie Daddy got an idea. "I think I will have a little fun with my imaginative young son."

He got an old lamp shade and painted a big green eye on it. Then he put it on his head and wrapped a blanket around himself and he sneaked out through the back door.

Augie was busy in his barrel, fighting off imaginary creatures with his popgun.

"Zap! Got you!" he cried. "That'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us brave Earthlings."

Dad thought this was a good time, so he crept around the corner of the house on all fours and let out a wild screech.

"Earthlings, go home!" he shrieked, "or be destroyed!"

Augie swung around, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Go back, you monster!" he cried. "Or I'll ZAP you, too!"

Augie pulled the trigger of the popgun but nothing happened. Then he frantically threw away the useless weapon and grabbed a stick. Whap! Crack! Augie yielded a vicious lop right on his father's lampshade!

"Like I said," yelled Augie, "that'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us Earthlings! Now leave! Scram!"

Poor, beat Doggie Daddy made a hasty retreat into the house, leaving the field to his triumphant son.

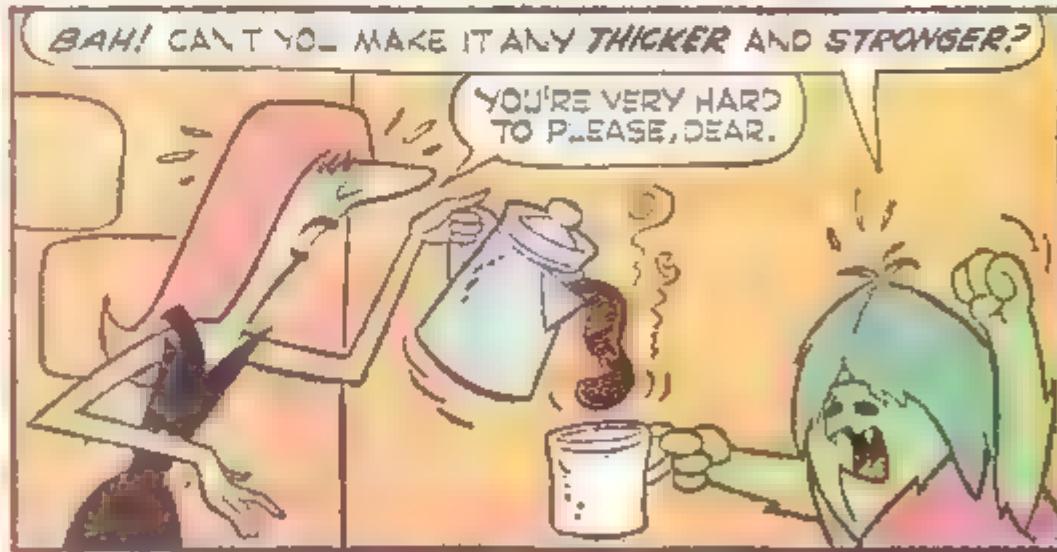
Moments later, Augie came running into the house. "Dad! Dear Dad!" he shouted. "I just clobbered a real, live space monster! I really did! And it wasn't an imaginary monster, either!"

"I believe you, strong armed son of mine," replied Doggie Daddy, rubbing his head. Then he said to himself, "I only wish this bump on my head was imaginary!"

Hanna-Barbera

THE GRUESOMES

# HOME, HORRID HOME



THE LIVING ROOM IS RAT-EE DRAB!  
COULD BE THE SORRY-S-220-ND 135  
HAVE GOT HIM DOWN!

WELL, I'LL FIX THAT  
IN A SWIFT JIFFY.



I'LL REDECORATE  
THE LIVING ROOM.

PAINT  
WALLPAPER



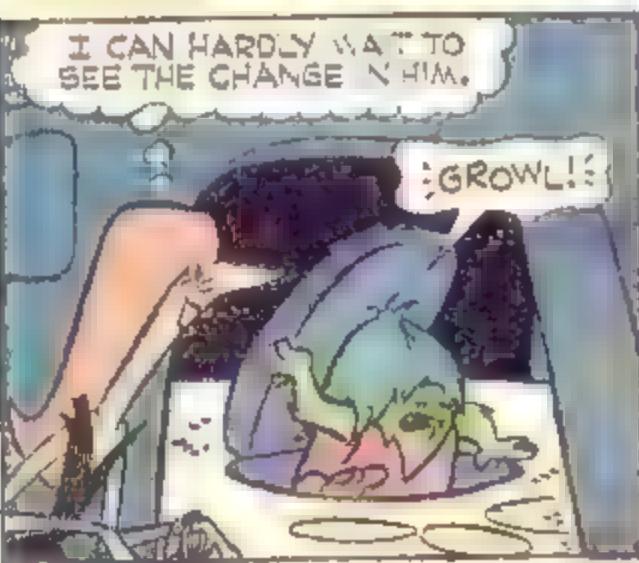
...AND THEREBY JOLLY-UP  
MY SOUL SWEET S...

TAKE-  
IT-EASY  
CHA R  
A



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO  
SEE THE CHANGE IN HIM.

:GROWL!



SHORTLY

SAYEE THEN AFTER HE  
CHOPPED-UP THE PIANO  
HE HISSED AT ME!

AND-ENTER  
SAYEE  
"THE 34 GRAY  
WALLS, EH?

PAINT  
WALLPAPER

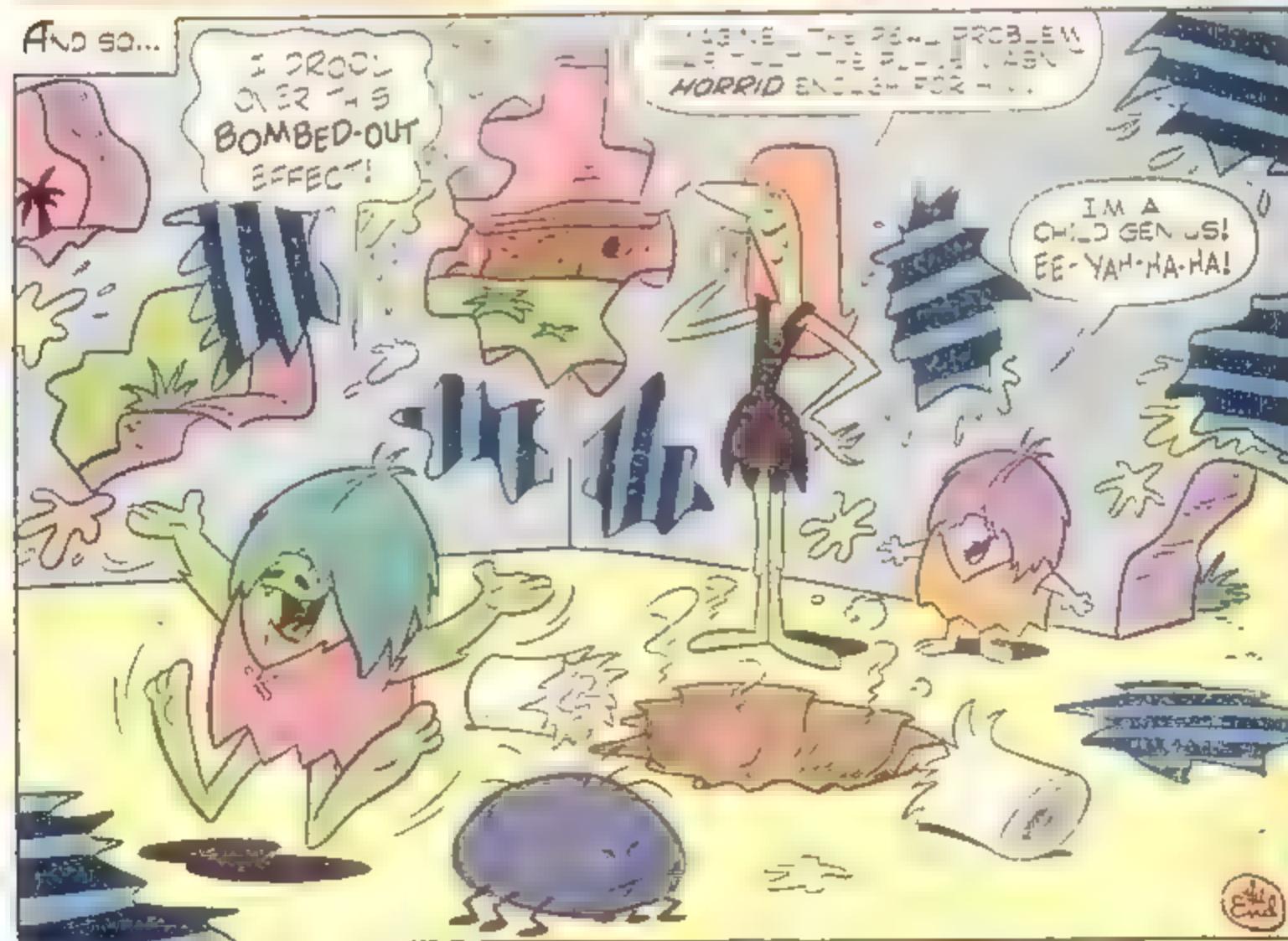


...2-4-PS 2-4-PS  
V-7-PS 2-3-BLACK AND  
BLUE WALL-2-4-PS

NOH  
LIVEL...

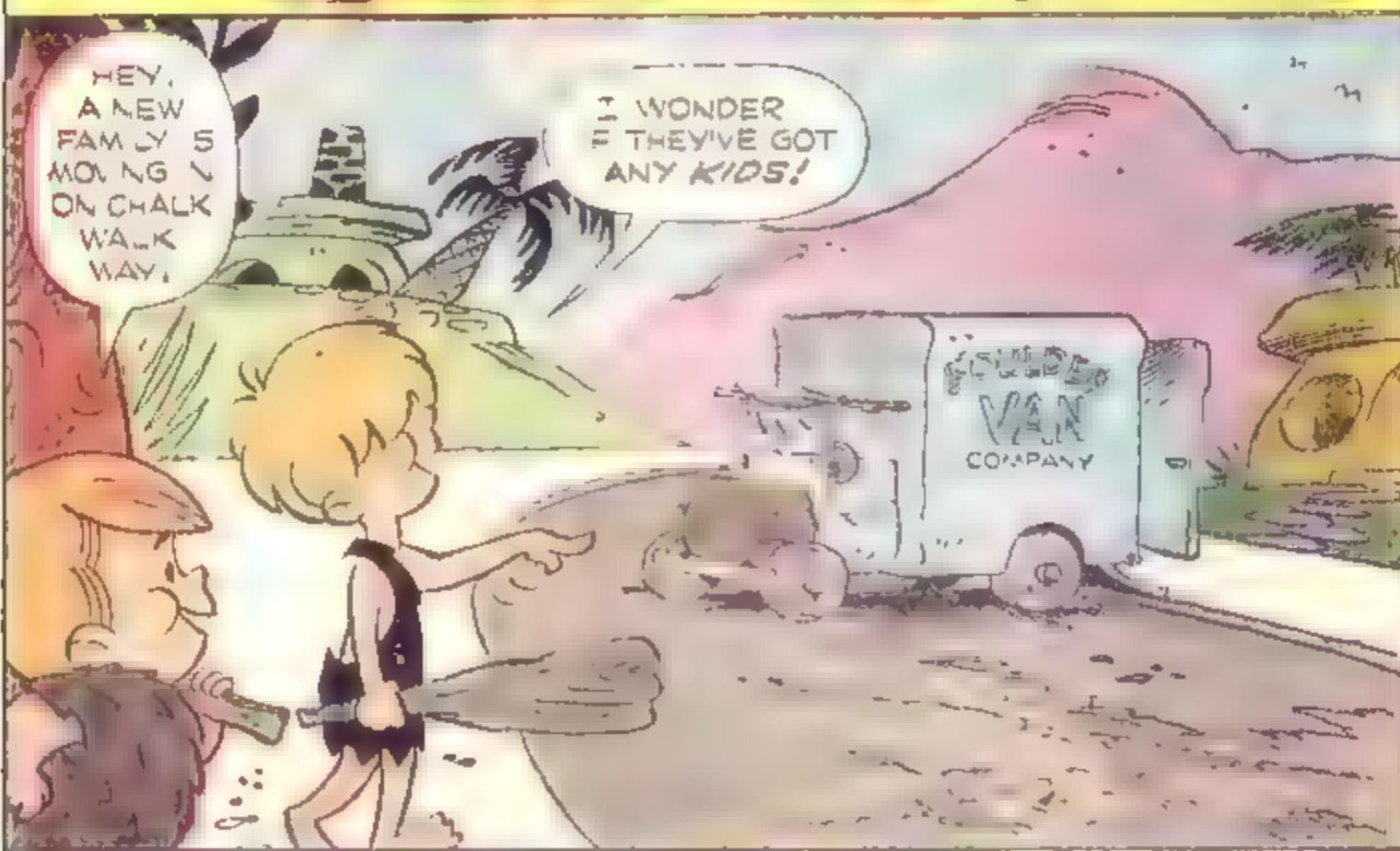






# CAVE KIDS

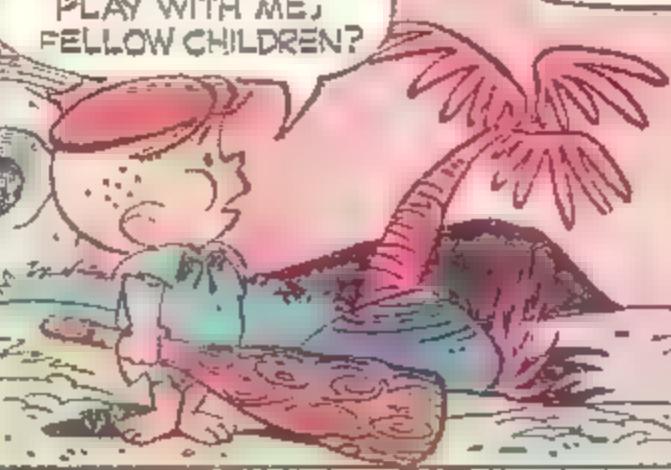
KNOTTY  
BUT NICE



ER...WON'T YOU  
PLAY WITH ME,  
FELLOW CHILDREN?

LH-LH...NEVER!

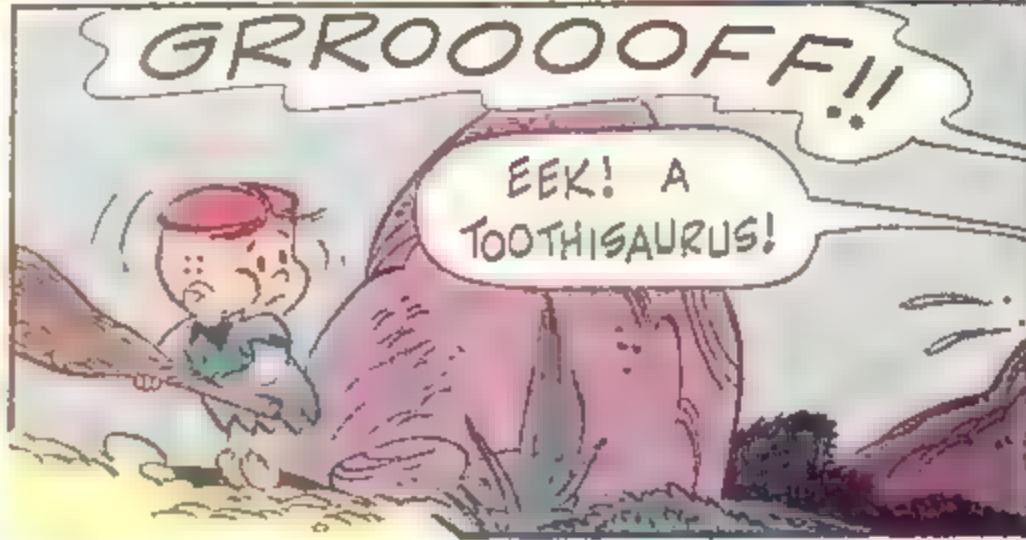
WHO WANTS TO  
BE SEEN WITH A  
KNOTTY-PINE  
PACKIN' PERCY?



SNIFF! THEY WON'T  
EVEN GIVE ME A  
CHANCE!



TCH-TCH! THE R  
GOOD OLD "OAKIE"  
CLUBS ARE QUITE  
INADEQUATE  
WEAPONS!



RUN!  
FLEE!  
SNORT!



TUT-TUT, FELLOWS...WATCH ME...  
OLIVER ONYX!



**KLONK!**

HA-HA-HA!  
LOOK AT  
THE SISSEY'S  
FANCY CLUB  
GO KNOTTY!

BUT NOW WATCH  
WHAT HAPPENS,  
FELLOW JUVENILES...

SNORT!

IT'S A KNOTTY PROBLEM  
UNDERFOOT FOR THE  
UGLY BRUTE!

OINX!

SERVES  
HIM  
RIGHT!

NOW I'LL SELL THIS PROSTRATE  
SPECIMEN TO THE ZOO AND REAP  
A NEAT LITTLE PROFIT!

AND SO...

FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER  
JUDGE A KID BY THE CLUB  
HE CARRIES!

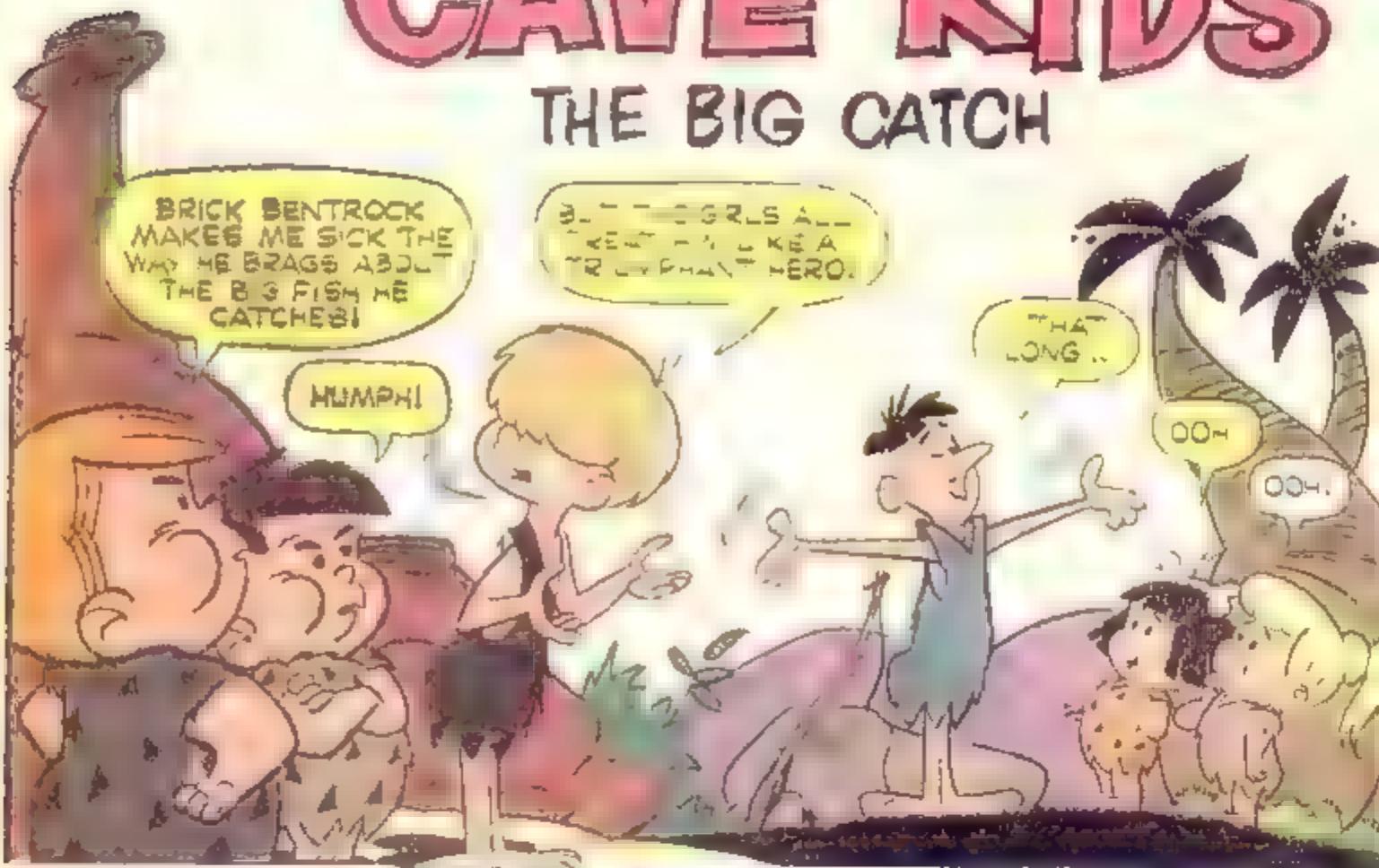
LET'S HAVE ANOTHER  
ROUND OF SODAS  
ON ME!

YAY  
FOR  
YOU!



# CAVE KIDS

## THE BIG CATCH



STAND ASIDE, I WANT YOU TO BE CRUSHED BY THE MONSTER I'M GOING TO FLIP ONTO THE SCORE.

HEY, LISTEN TO THE BOASTER.

HE'S LIKELY GONE ON DA LITTLE MANNAH!

HEY!

YOW! OOF!

I WARNED YOU, CHUMAS.

ARE WE GOING TO TAKE THIS LAYING DOWN?

NO!

GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!

LET'S HAVE MORE TO IT THAN LUCK... I THINK IT'S THE BAIT HE USES.

I THINK I CAN RECALL ONE OF HIS WORNSHITS ON MY CRYSTAL BALL.

YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUMAS.

THESE'S BACK ENTERING HARD-FOOD VALLEY... HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO DO FOR WORKS THERE!

SO THAT'S IT. HE  
USES HIS FATHER'S  
DIGGY-O-SAURUS.

THE ONLY CRITTER MY  
FATHER OWNED IS AN OLD  
MODEL-A-SAURUS.

WE'RE  
OUT OF  
LUCK.

BUT LET'S TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND HARD-  
FLOOR VALLEY.  
JUST IN CASE.

YEAH! MAYBE  
A BIG WORM  
HAS COME  
UP FOR A SUN  
BATH.

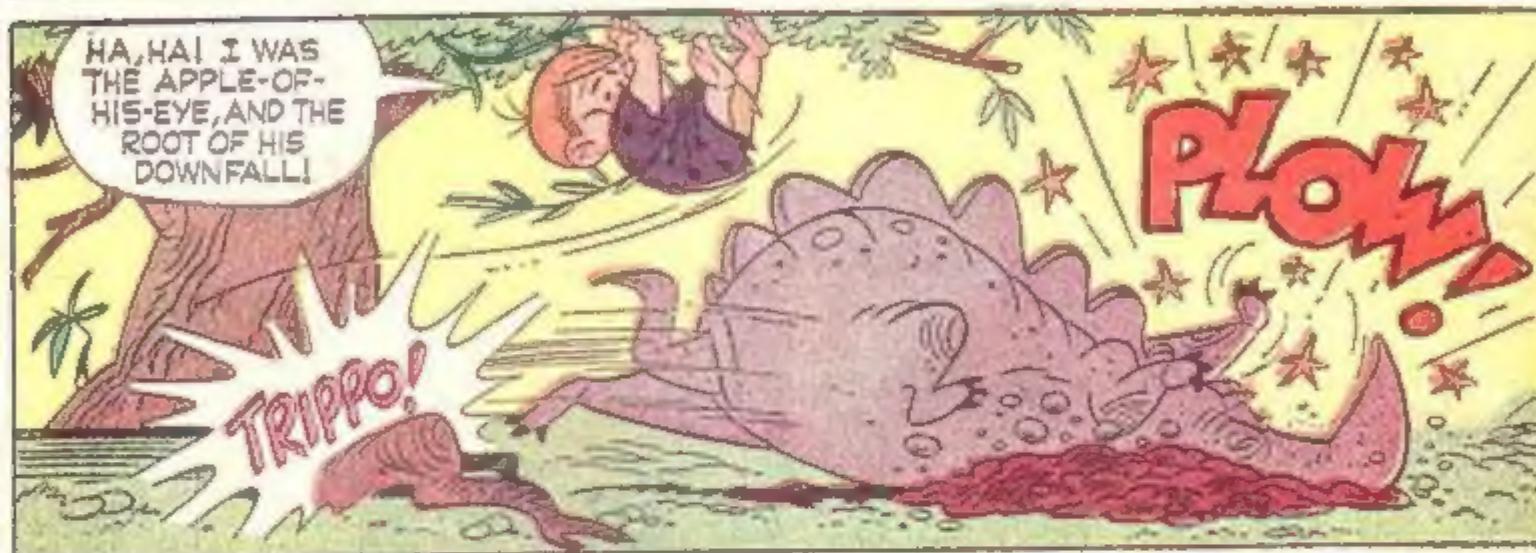
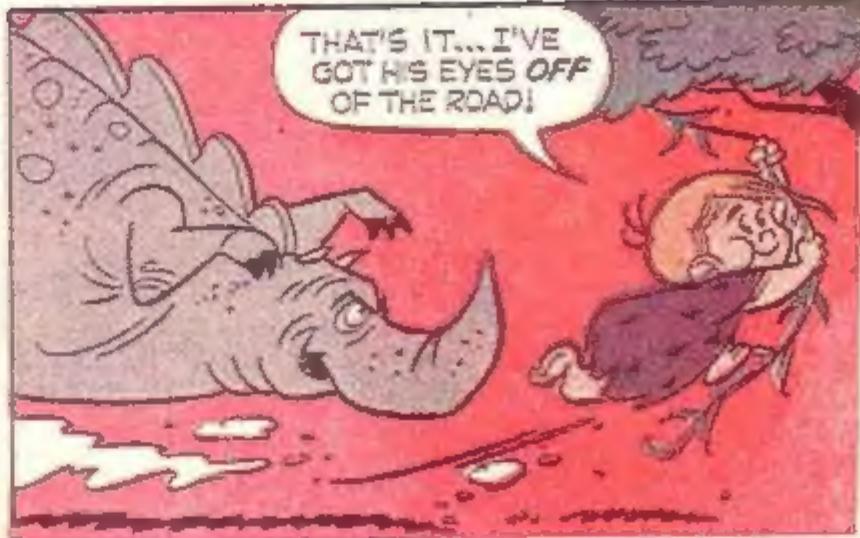
KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED, MEN!

SURE! HAVEN'T YOU  
EVER SEEN MORY  
APPLES?

ERK!

LOOK OUT, GLYS... A  
RIDDY-SHOOT IS  
S C-ASING WE.

HMM... SHEEPY'S  
ACCIDENT GIVES  
ME AN IDEA...



HA-HA-HA!  
GIVING UP,  
BRICK?

NOT  
AT  
ALL!

I'M GOING OUT ON  
BEEFY BAY IN MY  
BOAT TO DO SOME  
DEEP SEA  
FISHING!

(SIGH!) I SUPPOSE  
WE'LL CATCH A  
DOUBLE-WHOPPER  
OUT THERE!

MAYBE WE OUGHTA  
START BUILDING  
A BOAT!

EEK! HALP!

ER...ON  
SECOND  
THOUGHT...  
LET'S  
**NOT**  
BUILD  
A BOAT!

A SEA  
MONSTER!

A PADDLE-TAILED  
SWALLOW-PUGSI!

HALP! HE'S MAKING  
WAVES GO DOWN HIS  
THROAT!

SPLASH!  
SPLASH!

I...I'M GONNA END UP  
DOWN HIS HORRIBLE  
HATCH!

POOR GUY! HE'S  
AS HELPLESS AS  
A FISH ON A  
HOOK!

HMM...THAT  
GIVES ME A  
BRAIN-BOMB!

C'MON...LET'S RUN AROUND TO THE CLIFF-SIDE OF THE BAY!

AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME...

HUH? I'M HOOKED!

HA-HAI THAT LAST PADDLE WAS SUPPOSED TO SPLOSH ME DOWN!

SMACK!

BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER THANK YOU GLYS!

DON'T BOTHER!

WE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISHERMAN AROUND...BICK BENTROCKI...THIS BIG!

I'M GONNA TAKE UP BUTTERFLY COLLECTING!

So...

Hanna-Barbera

